

# WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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## MEN AND MATTERS

The awful marine disaster in which the Titanic went down, carrying with her more than twelve hundred human beings, easily ranks first among the ocean disasters of modern times. It emphasizes again the fundamental fact that puny man has not yet mastered the elements nor built against the forces of the Almighty. It also recalls the fact that we rush to the inevitable when we rush to extremes. The Titanic was the greatest vessel ever built. Like another built years ago to minister to man's pride, it meets an untimely fate. The Great Eastern bankrupted the men who planned and built it merely to gratify their vanity. The Titanic goes down on her initial trip, carrying to a grave in the ocean more than half a thousand people.

We need a return to sanity along more than political lines. We have run mad on speed, on size, on a score of things, and as a result we are making a mockery of human life. Hundreds of the passengers on the Titanic were there because they wanted to revel in its vulgar luxury; because they wanted to boast of having traveled in the world's greatest steamship; because they wanted to advertise their wealth. And in a moment all their vanity and all their boasting is as nothing. It is terrible to think of so many human lives being snuffed out, but if that awful disaster shall have the effect of curbing our pride and our craze for speed and luxury, then thousands of lives will be spared for the future, and the dead upon the Titanic will not have died in vain.

If by chance this issue reaches the hands of any republican voters in Lancaster county before the polls close Friday evening, we want him to carefully consider the candidacy of P. F. Zimmer for the legislature. Mr. Zimmer stands for the new order of things. He is thoroughly progressive, has no axes to grind, desires to serve only the people, and has the ability and the earnestness to make a good job of it. It is always a pleasure to recommend a gentleman like Mr. Zimmer for any public office.

If there are in Lincoln any parents of high school pupils who are insulted at the report of that investigating committee, then all we have to say is that such parents would do well to be a little slower to take offense and a bit quicker to keep a watch over the children. The parents who know where their children are after dark are not insulted at the report.

General Frederick Dent Grant, who died last week, was the oldest son of Ulysses S. Grant. Doubtless the son was helped by this fact, but it is only simple justice to say that he won a place for himself. While it may be true that he added no new lustre to the name of Grant, at least he left it un sullied, and left as a heritage to his family a record for honesty, loyalty and devotion to high ideals.

Apart from the aid received by reason of the fact that he was his father's son, General Fred Grant made his own way. Will Maupin's Weekly would do him greater honor than it

would the son of another ex-president whose only claim upon fame is that he married into a rich family and thus became the head of a heartless monopoly.

Will Maupin's Weekly holds that the Nebraskan most to be honored is the one who improves his farm, increases the productivity of the soil, helps to develop his community, rears a family of home-loving and God-fearing children, exerts his influence for good no matter how narrow the radius of that influence, pays his taxes and loves his neighbor. We have grown tired of whooping it up for the political spellbinder and the hot air artist. Time was when we believed that it was good advertising for a state to furnish a president or a presidential candidate. Now we believe that a state's best advertisement is her industry, her progressiveness, her productivity and her enterprise. The men who are making Nebraska are not the men who are hot-airing; they are the men who are building, improving, developing, producing.

It doesn't take a very close student of political affairs to note the fact that the candidacy of one William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska for the presidency, and for the fourth time, is not at all unlikely. Just start out into the average community and interview democrats. You'll hear Wilson men say: "I'm for Wilson—but I'd rather vote for Bryan." You'll hear Clark men say: "Clark's all right—but why not nominate Bryan?" There are at least four avowed candidates for the democratic nomination—Wilson, Clark, Harmon, Underwood. Give the usual racing odds it wouldn't be a bad bet to take Bryan against the field.

Omaha and Lincoln are the two largest cities in Nebraska, and each of them has a record of which they may be proud. Lincoln has the largest creamery in the world, but Omaha makes more butter than any other city in the world. Between the two of them they practically dominate the butter market. And be it said to their credit that to date these butter-makers have never even been charged with being in a trust. There is one big creamery in Lincoln, and seven big creameries in Omaha. There are upwards of forty creameries in Nebraska. And if you

do not believe there is competition between the buttermakers of Lincoln and the buttermakers of Omaha, you show any one of them how he can save one-tenth of a cent a pound more than a competitor in the expense of marketing his product, without cutting the price of cream, and see what a fat check he will hand you.

### DIDN'T SAVE MUCH, BECAUSE—

Will Maupin, in announcing his candidacy for railway commissioner, had a card printed frankly stating that nobody asked him to run and none prepared a petition for him. He might have added that he saved money by tooting his own bazoo.—Omaha Examiner.

## NEBRASKA WELL FIXED

If money is "tight" then it ought to be because there is so much of it in the vaults of Nebraska banks that it is all squeezed up together. On April 15 there was deposited with the banks of Nebraska, state and national, the tidy sum of \$208,255,034.94. A whole lot of us can claim the distinction of making it almost even dollars.

Now two hundred and eight million dollars is some money. It means an average of \$200 for each man, woman

and child in Nebraska. If converted into silver dollars and the dollars laid edge to edge in a straight line they would reach 4,875 miles. You couldn't get them all in a straight line on United States soil. Piled up on top of each other in a single column they would make a pile of silver dollars more than 500 miles high. They would weigh nearly a million and a half pounds. It would require a freight train of thirty standard freight cars to haul them. Placed in a circle the diameter would be more than 1,470 miles. With them we could lay a silver ribbon four dollars wide completely around the whole state of Nebraska. With them we could build a silver dollar sidewalk a bit more than fifteen inches wide across Nebraska east and west.

Yes, indeed! \$208,255,000 is some money.

There isn't one room in Nebraska big enough to store it in if it were all in silver. If converted into dollar bills and the bills laid end to end they would reach almost four-fifths of the way around the globe—19,700 miles. Used for wall paper purposes they would cover a space of 30,370,524 square feet, or 3,374,500 square yards. With them we could cover a billboard a half-mile high and two miles long, and have more than 275,000 dollar bills left over for patches.

Better believe \$208,255,000 is some money.

The interest thereon at 5 per cent would support 2,800 families comfortably for a year, thus providing for 14,000 people, giving the head of each family more than \$100 a year above the average income of the wage earning head of a family in these United States.

And all this money saved up, mind you, in a state that has less than one-half of its fertile soil under cultivation—and that cultivated half not yielding as much as it should by from one-third to one-half. All this saved up by the people of a state that is less than a half-century old, and practically all of it made and saved during the last fifteen or twenty years. That's going some!

It means that the people of Nebraska have been putting into the banks of the state more money per capita than the people of any other state during the last twenty years. And all this, mind you, despite the fact that we haven't yet learned the wisdom of keeping our money at home by fostering our home institutions, such as home insurance companies, home manufacturers, home business men, and so on. We'd have had about twice as much deposited in the banks of our state if we hadn't sent out an average of ten million dollars a year in the shape of premiums to fire and life and accident insurance companies doing business in other states, and shipping our raw products east to be manufactured into the finished product, then buying them back, leaving all the wages in other states. We'll learn better some day—maybe! When we do our bank deposit record will show up a lot better than it does now, and even now it makes all the rest of the states go some to equal it.

## STANDING UP FOR NEBRASKA

Jones was a good provider, in a rather careless way.

Giving little heed or caution to the brand of goods he bought.

He imagined all his duty was accomplished for the day.

If he merely got a plenty for his family—as he ought.

But his wife was truly loyal to Nebraska, and had sense,

So when Jonesy brought some flour home she at once gazed on the sack;

Then she said: "Now, hubby darling, I am meaning no offense, But 'twas not made in Nebraska, so you'll have to take it back!"

You will have to take it back;

Got the wrong name on the sack.

Must be made here in Nebraska or you'll have to take it back.

William Peter Andrew Wilkins bought a box of candy fine,

Paying for a fancy label and a big Chicago brand.

Then he spruced up and departed for a call on Angeline,

Meaning on that very evening to demand her heart and hand.

Angeline was quite a booster and stood up for her home state,

So when William P. A. Wilkins, thinking thus to earn a smack,

Handed her the foreign candy she remarked with air sedate:

"This was not made in Nebraska, so you'll have to take it back!"

You will have to take it back;

Of the right brand there's a lack.

Offer me Nebraska candy or you'll have to take it back!

Billy Blivens of Nebraska left the state by death's dark route,

Full of years and full of honors. And Old Peter swung his gates

To admit good Billy Blivens, who, without a bit of doubt,

Was entitled to admission to the heavenly estates.

Billy paused beside the portals and he gazed upon the sight

Stretching out before his vision—not a smile did Billy crack—

Then he said to Old St. Peter: "Well, this place may be all right,

But I much prefer Nebraska, so I guess I'll travel back!"

Billy now is coming back

To the state where there's no lack

Of the good and true and beautiful—so Billy's coming back!

## Nebraska and Her Resources

Her History and  
Possibilities

Chalk Talk Lecture

BY

Will M. Maupin

A lecture that will inspire love of the state. Peculiarly adapted for school and college meetings. Should be delivered under the auspices of commercial clubs everywhere in the state. Full of facts and figures about Nebraska, presented in an interesting and novel way. For terms and dates address Will M. Maupin, Room 436 Bankers Life Building Lincoln, Nebraska